

## ON BABIES.

### George Tells of the Different Kinds of Babies He Knows.

There is three kinds of babies. Babies that ain't borned yet, babies that is borned and babies that never o't to bin borned, and doll babies, but cats' babies is kittens, and dogs' babies is pups, but a cow's baby is a calf, and so forth.

Babies is bawled and bald. Good babies is the kind you read about. They are mostly dead, or else they belong to other fokes and not to you.

A baby is a small pece of breathing skin which is like a nuspaper-red awl over (goak). Some fokes uses them for clocks, because a baby's insides is all full of yells, and when he goes off it is night, and most parnts knows it is time for them to git up.

Some babies was invented by Mr. Edison, and some by uther men.

Babies is devided into 2 kinds—boys and the kind that never o't to bin borned—girls. But twins and triplers is the uther kind which comes in groups.

Babies ain't got no teeth, but they want to swaller there can fads and everything, the littul suckers! But there is too mutch babies in this world anyhow. If doctors would only mind their own bishis and cure cirk fokes more and not go round for so mutch new babies awh the time, the world wouldn't have half so mutch trouble. They could cure all the colick and meezles on erth by not finding no more babies, and littul boys like me would get some atenshun too.

If other babies growed in eggs like a hen's, you could eat them, and they wouldn't git borned to squall and waste milk on. But a duck's babies is called goslings.

Some babies is very tuff. You can drop them on the floor and knock there heds on the wall and slane them awh o'var the house and they won't kick none, nor cry. They don't have no hoopling colf, nor nothing. They never wake up, and there stummicks don't ske, because they are full of sawdust, and they are doll babies.

Our baby makes me tired—she crows 2 mutch. I gess she's stuck on herself.

Uncle bud don't like Babies no more. He used to dote on them, but he don't dote no more. Ourn cured him. ma she let him hold the baby and that settled it.

I gess uncle don't no the rite name for pants, for when he was agoin away he said that darned brat of ourn had dampened his ardor. He always was great for big words. But a mouse ain't a rat's baby any more than a bullit is a cannon ball's little boy.

Iams is baby shipes with wool whiskers on there outsides to make clothes out of for storekeepers to stick you with. But if babies could only stay littul they would be happy, for when they git growed up and havt to hump for a living they find out what a hard, coaled spere this world is, you bet.

Jay babies is borned on farms, and has one narse, which is its mother, but city babies is brot up on a bottin, and hast to be interuded to its mother 2 or 5 times a yere because city muthers has got to be swell—Truth.

### "Skeery Jim" of Tennessee

One midforenoon I arrived at the cabin of a squatter in a cove of the Iron Stone mountains of Tennessee and was courteously saluted by 3 or 4 men and women who sat on the doorsteps. When I asked if there was a funeral one of the women rose up, made a "kerchy," and replied:

"Reckon not, sah. Reckon it's gwine to be a marriage. Won't you stop fur it?"

"Who's the bride?" I asked as I got down.

"Reckon it's me, sah. He! he! he!" uttered the woman.

"And the groom?"

"Jim? Oh, he un's in the bresh sumwhar. He un's powerful skeery 'bout gittin married, but he un's got to cum in!"

"He un's dun bin co'tin' she un' fur nigh two y'ars," explained one of the men, who afterward turned out to be a preacher, "and now him's tryin' to flunk. Jest made a break fur the bresh, but thar's five men after him, and he un's bound to come in."

"I never did see one so skeery,"

git over it. Sarah, was yo'r man skeery?"

"Shoo! He flunked on me three times," replied the woman addressed.

"Doan reckon I was skeery," said one of the men as he lighted his pipe.

"Not very skeery, but some skeery," added his wife. "Father wouldn't hev abided you un beln' to skeery."

"It's jest this way," said the preacher as he looked down the road and absently scratched his leg, "I've seen some men who was skeery and some men who wasn't. If a woman is rich and party and a widdeer, then a man is skeery. I war skeery of my last wife, powerful skeery. I can't blame Jim fur beln skeery, but he un has pledged his word, you see. Orter hev bin yere an hour ago, but him's hidin' in the bresh. Boys will bring he un in, though."

Just then we heard yells and the reports of rifles down the road, and presently six men came into view. One was evidently a prisoner to the others.

"Got he un, for suah, and he can't flunk no more," said the bride, as she stood up to smooth out the wrinkles in her clothes.

"You all cum in," cautioned the preacher, and we were hardly inside the cabin when the procession arrived.

"Had to run he un over two miles, but we got him!" explained the leader. Now, Jim, stand up and be married."

"I'm skeery!" whined Jim, as he hung back.

"Laf!" grasped the women in chorns.

"We 'low you un is skeery," said the preacher, "but skeeriness must not go too fur. Take hold of her hand. Sum of you uns git behind to ketch him if he bolts. That's right. Now, then, skeery or no skeery, do you un take she un fur yo'r true and lawful wife?"

Skeery Jim hung off for awhile and tried to break away, but finally got his nerve up, and the ceremony took place. While we were eating the marriage supper he bolted for the woods and disappeared, but the preacher philosophically explained:

"Yo' all needn't worry about it. I've seen over fo'ty cases of sich skeeriness, and every one turned out all right. Soon's we uns is gone the bride kin hoot, and him will call up like a lost muel!"

### Haydenville.

The 4th of July is over and every body reports a good time. I guess it is because it didn't rain.

Mr. and Mrs. John Price spent the 4th in Columbus visiting there two sons Sam and Robert.

Mr. Ed. Lehman spent Tuesday and Wednesday in Columbus.

Mr. Will Smith and Master Charley spent the 4th visiting her husband in Columbus.

Miss Sadie Smith has returned back to Branfort after a few days visit in this place.

Mr. Fred Krietz was cutting wheat Friday.

Little Dave Lehman has got him a new suit of clothes since his law suit with an innocent man.

Harmon Geysic has a young man at his house; came the 17th.

### Freedom of Opinion Costs Friends.

Taine's history and analysis of the French revolution cost him most of his republican friends, and when he published his volume on the reign of terror all his Bonapartist intimates deserted him. The great lady, the Princess Mathilde, a niece of the great emperor, long M. Taine's intimate friend, promptly left a card on him with P. P. C. in the corner. "I shall never cease to regret," said M. Taine to M. Renan, "having lost so old a friend on account of a book." "My friend," said Renan, "in order to have the right to speak freely my thoughts I broke with a greater lady than the princess." "What lady?" "The church."—London Truth.

Kentucky colonel: "I have concluded, sah, to go as a mish'na'y, sah, to central Africa!"

Ohio Man: "Good! Bravo! By the way, colonel, what kind of a watch charm is that you wear?"

"That? That's the big toe uv a

## Popular Medical Science.

Popular medical science may or may not be the orthodox thing that is taught in the lecture room, says the Toronto Globe, but it comprises those notions which obtain a wide publicity through the medium of newspapers, magazines, and conversation. It is a rapidly progressive science; in fact, its gait is such that the ordinary slow person has much difficulty in keeping pace with it.

Windows used to be kept shut at night on the ground that it was unwholesome to breathe the night air, until a distinguished savant discovered that there was no air circulating at night except night air.

Nothing was so universally condemned some years ago as the habit of eating late suppers. Recently, however, it has become fashionable to recommend the eating of various outlandish meals just before bedtime, on the ground that they induce sleep. An American ecclesiastic signed his great name to a sort of pastoral letter favoring a combination of peanuts and milk. Attracted by the precision and gravity of the language in which the recipe was couched many persons tried it, and afterward declared that, as they were Christian, faithful men, they would not pass another such a night though 'twere to buy a world of happy days. To other peanuts and milk were a soporific, and they went about recommending them to their friends forgetting that there are differences in stomachs, though they possess some features in common.

Tobacco has long been regarded as a slow poison—so slow that it is sometimes eighty years before it gets its work in. It has lately been discovered, however, that tobacco kills germs, and that a plug of blackstrap placed in a jug of Toronto water will answer all the purposes of a filter without rendering the beverage insipid.

For a long time bread has been cracked up as the staff of life. It was said that with no other food than bread, even without butter, life could be sustained for an indefinite period, if any body cared to retain his life on those terms. The latest discovery, however, is that the eating of bread, combined with the lapse of years, has a tendency to bring about old age. Bread is full of calcareous salts, which gradually but surely convert us from gay young sprigs into old fossils. All food contains more or less of these salts, but the least faculty are fruits, especially juicy, uncooked apples. We cannot say that the prospect of munching raw apples in the hope of prolonging a toothless old age is calculated to inspire enthusiasm. We should prefer being appointed to the Senate.

The latest thing in popular science is a scheme for making a patient swallow a small electric lamp, turning on a current and at once investigating his story that it was the salmon that made him ill. Though this looks like making light of a man's misfortunes it may have important results.

The Phrenological Journal and Science of Health for July bristles with good things and abounds with illustrations. Its topics are all very seasonable from first to last. A view of the great actor Booth, as taken from his death mask, constitutes the frontispiece. Elisha Gray, who has confounded the world by his great invention the telautograph, has first place, with portrait, sketch of his life, and a description of the invention that will probably revolutionize electrical communication. Race Studies continued by Dr. Oswald follows, this time France and Frenchmen being the topic. Human Mollusks hits dead-live people well. In practical Phrenology Professor Sizer discourses Temperament, the motive being powerfully delineated and illustrated; and the article on Edwin Booth is fresh and appreciative. Child Culture and science of health are fairly represented; so are the always valuable Notes in Anthropology. The editor adds a "Fourteenth Paper" to his important series on Moral Education, in which he makes a good point in regard to the nature of will. "Big heads and little" is an excellent bit of humor. A big, rich number this! and only 15c. First of new volume \$1.50 a year; six months to new subscribers on trial only 50c. Address Fowler & Wells Co., 27 E. 21st St.,

## Can't be Buried.

A person claiming notoriety as a mind reader is on his way to Chicago for the purpose of having himself interred. He proposes to pursue the plan of Indian magicians, who claim that they can suspend animation for any period by swallowing their tongues and controlling their hearts and minds.

This latest candidate for notoriety said at Toledo: "My coffin has gone ahead. I will be buried six feet deep in the coffin. Signals will be arranged so that if things do not go right I can communicate with the soldiers on the outside who will guard the grave. Directly after I am buried a crop of barley will be sown over the grave. I will remain buried till the germs sprout, grow, ripen and are harvested. Then the disinterment will take place. I will not come back to earth until Sept. 24."

There are certain ordinances in the city of Chicago governing the matter of interment. It is a sine qua non that there shall be a corpse not a supposititious, experimental, dead, and alive corpse, but a person whose mortal career is absolutely ended. The mind reader seeking notoriety will not be able to obtain a burial permit, wherefore as the municipal regulations of Chicago are enforced it is difficult to say wherein the notoriety hunter will be able to carry out his program. The gentleman must be a corpse in good faith or he will not be permitted to go underground.—Chicago Times.

Last fall I was taken with a kind of summer complaint, accompanied with a wonderful diarrhoea. Soon after my wife's sister, who lives with us, was taken in the same way. We used almost everything without benefit. Then I said, let us try Chamberlain's colic, cholera and diarrhoea remedy, which we did and that cured us right away. I think much of it, as it did for me what it was recommended to do. John Hertzler, Bethel, Berks Co., Pa. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by F. Harrington.

## School Teachers Attention.

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## He Knew Best.

The cabin stood at least a mile back from the Mississippi river at Plaquemines, below Baton Rouge, and we all went to bed early. It didn't seem more than an hour to me when the owner of the place put his head into the room and called out:

"Stranger, do yo' want to know whar yo' are at about now?"

"No, I'm not particular," I replied, only half awake and wondering what sort of a joke he was trying to spring on me.

It might have been midnight when he called again.

"Stranger, I kin tell yo' whar yo' are at if you have any curiosity about it."

I had none and told him so. I should have asked for an explanation, but was too sleepy to rouse up. Somewhere between 2 and 3 o'clock, while I was dreaming of being at sea, he popped his head in for the third time and called out:

"I've got my bearin's ag'in, stranger, and kin tell yo' whar yo' are at if yo' want to know."

I didn't wake up enough to talk back, and he didn't disturb me again until after daylight. This time he shook me by the shoulder and shouted:

"Stranger, do yo' want to know whar yo' are at?"

"I'm at Plaquemines, of course?" I replied as I roused up. This is the fourth time you've woke me up and offered to tell me where I was at."

"Yes, fourth time, and I reckon yo'd better come out on the roof with the rest of us."

"Roof? Roof? Has anything happened?"

"Sunthin has happened. The house and everybody in it has bin sailin' down the ole Missip since 10 o'clock last night, and I reckon yo' might want to know whar yo' was at."

"Of course I want to know!" I yelled as I jumped out into water two feet deep on the floor.

"Waal, we're jest passin' the lower land of Joe Totten's plantashun, and by the way we've come it's a matter of forty-eight miles back to whar yo' turned in last night. No reason to get excited, stranger. We're right in the channel and hev got the right of way, and the ole woman and children hev got a good grip on the roof, and are rather enjoyin' the scenery. No danger 'tall. I allus like to know whar I'm at and didn't know but yo' felt the same way and would lay it up ag'in me if I didn't tell yo'."

## Neal Was The Man.

New York Sun.

Our correspondent, who desires to know whether Tom Johnson didn't "construct that famous tariff plank," the glory of which went to Larry Neal, shall be answered. There should be no ignoble rivalry among reformers. Every man of them should get his due meed of praise. No one should strut about vaingloriously in the habiliments of another, or flinch his laurels. Each reformer should have, to hold and enjoy, whatever honors of discovery or leadership are coming him; and there should be no misunderstanding at all about it.

Larry Neal presented on the evening of June 2, 1892, his famous amendment to the national platform as first agreed upon at Chicago. He made a speech in support of it. He was followed, approvingly, by Col. Henry Watterson, of Kentucky. After some eloquent talk on the subject, Tom Johnson appeared. This is what he said:

"I endorse heartily the amendment of my colleague from Ohio. The Democratic party has been hanging for years for a Democratic platform of the tariff, and, thank God, it has at last come, and not a miserable addition to that stump speech. Strike out what they put in, and put in clear, ringing terms what we mean. We, on the stump and in the Democratic press, denounce the protective tariff as a fraud. Say so in your platform. We are speaking to the people. Be honest to your people. The only trouble has been that the leaders are frightened; the Democratic party is all right."

"The Chair—The question is on the adoption of the resolution. Mr. Neal—Mr. Chairman, I demand a call of the roll of States upon my amendment."

We especially direct the attention of our questioning correspondent to the concluding paragraph of what we have quoted. "I demand,"

declared Larry Neal, "a call of the roll of States upon my amendment."

It was his. He did not offer it for Tom Johnson, or as Tom Johnson's substitute, or to oblige Thomas, or in such a fashion that Johnson could afterward claim it. He presented it on his own responsibility. The convention adopted it on the responsibility of the Democracy of the United States; and all that is now necessary is for the Democratic administration to redeem the pledge, as it must, or make Democracy and its pledges and all its promises forever henceforth forsworn, dishonored and discredited.

## Men are Not Interesting Invalids.

Women take only too kindly to the role of an invalid; the sofa, the floppy white shawl, the little cups of beef tea or plates of oysters. Once let a woman taste the dreamy pleasures of this sort of existence, and unless some shock or sense of duty rouses her she will calmly continue for the rest of her days in the pleasant path before her. She smiles sweetly at the little attentions offered her, she dresses in the faintest of semi-toilets, and she looks so pretty and gentle and patient that it seldom dawns on her husband that the existence is an ignoble one. But let my lord fall ill, and oh, dear, what a different tale to tell!

The valet comes flying from the room followed by a host, the cook gives notice because the master called the beef tea "heavily stuff," the housemaid is in tears because she is not allowed to sweep or dust the sickroom. Man, noble man, is a pitiful object when he is sick. Get him thoroughly ill and he is a better patient than a woman, but if he is merely laid up for a day or two with a cold or a bilious attack he persistently kicks instead of wisely enjoying the rest which a beneficent nature has imposed on him.—London Hospital.

Science has developed that mankind is made almost entirely of water and conceit.

The happiest husband is the fellow who thinks his wife doesn't know him.

Statesmen must do business on the midway pliancy of the extra session.

"You are charged with braining Fitzpug," said the judge. "You are discharged—I know Fitzpug."

"A boy's best friend is his mother," but he goes right on hunting somebody else's sister.

It is said that Chicago Dudes wear their collars so high that they have to go up stairs to blow their noses.

A big balloon was destroyed at the World's Fair by a storm, but that is nothing for Chicago.

A Georgian will surrender all else but his honor and his water-melon.

The man who doesn't run to see the circus parade has been found. He was seventy years old when he died.

The swimming season, like the Saengerfest, causes music in the hair.

Some financiers find it difficult to "put their shoulders to the wheel," owing to the location of the wheel.

"Everything goes"—but the Chinese.

The Fourth is gone—the next holiday will be the sitting down on Gov. McKinley.

The town sparrow celebrates his vacation by taking options on spring wheat.

It is all right for the president to reduce his weight. A great many men would like to have their waist reduced.

A Florida fisherman is the last to see the sea serpent.

A twelve-year-old Texas boy has been "called" to preach.

"My little boy was very bad off for two months with diarrhoea. We used various medicines, also called in two doctors, but nothing done him any good until we used Chamberlain's colic, cholera and diarrhoea remedy, which gave relief and soon cured him. I consider it the best medicine made and can conscientiously recommend it to all who need a diarrhoea or colic medicine. J. E. Hare, Trenton, Tex. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by F. Harrington.

If you want to know just how green a farmer is buy a bushel of potatoes of him.

The July number of *The Delineator*, is of such general interest that it is difficult to single out articles of special interest. There is something to suit woman of every sort and condition. The summer fashions are very dainty in themselves and are attractively drawn and described. In addition to the regular monthly issue, there is a special illustrated paper on the Dressing of stout ladies. Our correspondent at Chicago sends the third article descriptive of the World's Fair, and contributes a gossip paper on men, women and things, entitled In and Out of the Fair. Additional instruction is given in Crocheting, Knitting, Netting, Tatting, Lace-making, etc. The Subscription for one year costs one dollar; single copies, fifteen cents.

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Don't take any. Use satchels and carry them. If you must take some baggage, plainly mark with your name and home address in full. Check it yourself. Don't allow any one else to do it. See for yourself that the number on the duplicate given to you is the same as that on the one strapped to the trunk. Check it to Chicago. Don't check it to Exposition Grounds or Suburban Stations. Keep memorandum of check numbers and initials, with date and point at which they were obtained.

Take the expressman's badge number. Don't give your checks to transfer agent on train going into Chicago unless he gives you claim check in exchange. Coming back, don't give your baggage to expressman unless he gives you depot claim check in exchange.

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